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THE VILLAGER receiving encouragement from
The Cottager, The Pine Cone and The Sun

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Comments

After a year of more or less haphazard existence, THE VILLAGER comes forth herewith in the proper spirit of the times. It is now a Weekly, and will be issued promptly upon each Wednesday as such. THE VILLAGER has backing, and it will, we hope, make itself appreciated.

Undoubtedly there are too many papers in Carmel; however, in name at least, THE VILLAGER is the second oldest. It was started in March, 1933, in the form of a magazine. Its first issue contained such famous names as the late Charles Roberts Aldrich, Lincoln Steffens, S.A.R., Frank Sheridan, George Marion, Herbert Heron and many others.

The second issue, published some time later, ran into a second edition and enjoyed an unusually large sale. Other issues came out, and were approved or disapproved, but were most certainly read. Then came another bit of doldrums and to end this, Eugene A. H. Watson, of the Carmel Press, decided the time had come to give Carmel THE VILLAGER in weekly form, and in the style that we believe Carmel will welcome.

Now just a brief word about the aims of THE VILLAGER. To our contributors, all we ask is that they write freely, with the knowledge that we will endeavor to treat all contributions with intelligence. THE VILLAGER wants poems, short plays, *correspondence*, short fiction, and articles of controversial or timely nature. And, above all, THE VILLAGER wants your friendship. Thank you!

P. O'C.

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To a very great extent my active connection with THE VILLAGER at this time is brought about by the request and desire of many Carmel residents that I re-enter the local publication field.

I am also influenced to a considerable degree by my own wish to take part in presenting to the public a weekly news-magazine which in dignity, content and editorial policy measures up to the character of the community in which we live.

In my capacity as an editor and as a public servant in Carmel for twenty-four years I have learned much about people and things, motives and results, ethics and discrimination, and this knowledge I propose to draw upon in my contact with the readers of THE VILLAGER.

W. L. O.

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Early final action is indicated for local applicants to the Home Owners Loan Corporation by the receipt here of the necessary blanks for appraisal and transfer of property.

Our Policy

The question has already been asked: "What is to be the policy of THE VILLAGER?" The only answer we can give to the question at this time is that the policy will be to stand for what seems best to the needs of the village.

We pay our respects to the editors of the other newspapers in Carmel, for whom we have a genuine regard, but we can honestly say, and in this we are backed up by many of the villagers, that no one of the three is filling the need which THE VILLAGER is going to try to supply.

THE VILLAGER will, essentially, be as fine as it can be made and we ask that all who love the fine things of life assist us in this endeavor. In typography and in general appearance it will be of the highest standard, in keeping with the standards rigidly adhered to by the publishers. In contents we will endeavor to maintain the high standard—regarding all news items and other articles from the standpoint of interest and entertainment. It must be worthwhile to the readers.

While this endeavor may be a matter of development, and the first issue, or some subsequent issues, may fall below the standard, we fully believe that it can be adhered to and that it will meet with a welcome each week from a public which is prone to regard Carmel's weekly papers with considerable apathy.

When issues are to be presented that are of importance to Carmel, or when issues are brought up which we feel are detrimental to Carmel, we will take a definite stand, and, unless we are convinced that we are wrong, we will stand by them until they are put into effect or utterly destroyed, as the case may be.

Our staff is small and made up of various elements. Some may please some of you and some may please others. On the other hand, some may feel we cannot represent Carmel at all. But our one idea is to give Carmel the sort of news-magazine that we feel sure is sadly needed, and we will bend every effort to accomplish this.

Read each issue, make your comments known to us, write us letters that we can publish, make it your own medium for expression, and we feel sure that you will be more than satisfied with the result.

E. A. H. W.

What! No Art?

By Lincoln Steffens

O'Shea is no artist!

Take, for instance, that O'Shea black and white exhibition at the Denny-Watrous gallery quite some time back. It was a good show all right—but it wasn't art. Anybody could see in every line of every drawing that the artist enjoyed his work. If you'd have gone, yourself, and looked at the stuff, letting your eye jerk its way among those pictures, letting it halt wherever it would, I'll bet that you'd have gotten something in it—your eye, I mean—something that would leak out and run down to your nose and lips into a smile, perhaps. Well—sure, a smile may be all right—in its place—but smiles have no place in art. A serious artist has no right to smile and enjoy himself; artists should suffer; artists and humorists and all preachers, all men and women who feel or should feel that they are bearing the responsibility for the world. They should suffer like married folks and all others who have settled down to it—to the serious job of sober life. That, and that alone, develops art and charcter.

O'Shea's careless, happy drawings teach—the little children, for instance—that it's O.K. to play; that grown-ups can have fun as well as kids; that artists, even, have periods or moments when, having worked themselves up to a certain point, they can let their spirits go free and their fists go gay and still do art and be artists. A very bad lesson for the tiny tots to learn. If they get what O'Shea tells or exposes, they might get the impression that running railroads and banks and theatres and orchestras, etc., etc., might be as much play as cops and robbers or football or—you see what I mean, you sense the danger.

There's propaganda in an O'Shea show. Of course, Denny-Watrous didn't mean harm. O'Shea may have, but nobody else in Carmel is mean enough to mean what I and that O'Shea show did mean. I mean that blooming show of black and whites might have been taken to mean that the world can be like the garden where the plants are content to blossom with useless joy into flowers that smile for a day and die. No fruit, just—for instance—roses, roses and a few thorns, like John O'Shea's—art.

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Helen Ware and Frederic Burt were called to Hollywood last week to start work on several new pictures.

* * *

Miss Abbie Lou Bosworth, the talented young artist, recently had an enthusiastically received exhibition at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. Miss Bosworth is noted for the excellent treatment of her various subjects.

The Villager ~ Carmel-by-the-Sea ~ California

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William L. Overstreet / Peter O'Crotty / Janet Large / Edward Files, *Editorial Staff*

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Drive for Community Hospital Funds Receiving Splendind Support

A luncheon meeting that was full of inspiration was held at Pine Inn last Friday, shortly after noon, under the auspices of the Initial Pledge Committee of the Peninsula Community Hospital. Some forty or more of the campaign workers were present.

Joseph Schoenfinger, chairman of the Committee, introduced the speakers who included:

Dr. R. A. Kocher, head of the Grace Deere Velie Metabolic Clinic since its inception, and a member of the new medical staff of twenty-five Peninsula physicians, who spoke of the value to the hospital of a continuation of the metabolic work, which had already reached so many patients. He stated that a plan had been worked out to insure a metabolic division of the hospital so that patients, who have been coming to the Clinic from all over the United States, may still be assured of the proper treatment in surroundings eminently fitted for cases of that nature.

Judge Mary A. Bartelme, of the Juvenile Court of Chicago, now a resident at Carmel Highlands, stressed the need of a hospital that would be made available to those of limited means who are in need of hospital care, and who have no choice at present between staying home or being taken care of at the County Hospital. She also emphasized the value to a patient of being attended by his or her own physician, in whom the greatest confidence would be found.

The Rev. Dr. Albert E. Clay, rector of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea in Pacific Grove, told of his coming to the Peninsula fourteen years ago to find a "home by the sea" and of his satisfaction in knowing that the community is planning on an institution that will meet the growing needs of the Peninsula, not entirely looking at the present requirements alone.

Jack Schrader, 3rd Vice President of the California Affiliated Exchange Clubs, spoke of the work done by the Exchange Clubs along this same general line and assured those present that he and many of the members of the local club would individually work for the completion of the fund on account of the very evident need of such a hospital as is planned.

C. W. Lee, in charge of the campaign for raising the necessary fund, then reported that there were on hand pledges for $4737 which had come from the various districts as follows:

Carmel $2357; Carmel Highlands $1220; Pebble Beach $700; Monterey $125; Pacific Grove $200; and from outside $135.

The various team captains were then called upon for reports and turned in additional pledges for $2319.50, which indicates to what extent interest has grown in this project. Additional interest was shown by a pledge from the neighboring community of Salinas.

With some ten days still to go, it seems likely that the full amount will be raised so that the Peninsula Community Hospital, to be rated a "Class A" hospital, will be able to function as a general hospital for all people on the Peninsula, and yet with facilities to give complete hospitalization to those of very modest means.

To Meet Traffic Conditions

There has been a revival of the suggestion made some time ago that Dolores Street, between Ocean Avenue and Eighth Street, be widened six feet, by taking three feet of sidewalk from each side of the street.

It is argued that congested traffic conditions in these two blocks make the change necessary. Especially now, in view of the fact that the Post Office is likely to remain where it is for some time to come.

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Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Appleton recently entertained their old friend, Marsland Clemens, who has for eight years been in New York and abroad.

The Sanitary District Problem

Government approval and endorsement of the Carmel Sanitary District project, in the form of a grant of money to partially meet the cost of the work, encourages the idea that, in spite of the recent rejection of the plan by the voters, the matter should not be allowed to rest.

Indeed, the matter, so far as the State Board of Health is concerned, must be considered and again put up to the voters.

It is possible that some plan can be worked out to have the city or the county assume the responsibility.

If the residents of the District do not act, the health authorities are empowered to act arbitrarily.

Apparently the voters, had they been more thoroughly informed as to the merits of the project, would have been more sympathetic.

Fishing Party Ends in Tragedy

Mrs. Laura Keller, 27-year-old wife of Richard Keller of Pacific Grove, was killed instantly Sunday morning when she slipped and plunged head first from the Monterey breakwater trestle onto the rocks 15 feet below.

Mrs. Keller fell when she slipped on wet planking while trying to land a fish, according to other fishermen and Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes who accompanied the Kellers on the tragic fishing party.

Dr. A. A. Arehart was summoned but the unfortunate woman was dead when he arrived. Death was caused by a basal fracture of the skull.

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Miss Janet Large and Mr. Peter O'Crotty were guests of Mr. Louis B. Mayer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City recently

The Way I See It

STATION WLO
BROADCASTING

I HOPE it is not true that there will be no Abalone League baseball this year. This annual athletic activity, interesting alike to players and spectators, has become an established Carmel institution.

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STATEWIDE interest prevails in Carmel's proposed Junipero Serra celebration to be held next August. The local committee is making every effort to provide a program of unexcelled interest. We may look forward to a large influx of visitors intent on honoring this great historical figure.

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THE RECENT *naming of Mrs. Dora Comstock as a trustee of the Harrison Memorial Library has met with general approval. No better appointment could have been made. She knows books.*

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THERE will be many candidates for county office in the August primary election. Some interesting set-tos are promised, especially in the contests for District Attorney, Sheriff and Treasurer. The incumbents will be obliged to fight for their jobs.

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I HAVE just read Laura Bride Powers' splendid book, "Old Monterey." It is replete with much valuable historic matter, which should be of particular interest to old and new residents of the Monterey Peninsula and to Californians generally. I am wondering why the name of the Rev. Raymond M. Mestres, for many years a prominent figure in Monterey, does not appear in the volume.

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APPARENTLY Carmel voters cannot see the need of a city-owned municipal building at this time. I do not believe that the proposal was defeated entirely upon its merits. Many who voted "No" declare that this is not a bonding year. When the matter comes up again, as it surely must, it will be more favorably received.

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IT WILL BE interesting to observe how Carmel's newly organized Board of City Trustees will function. The hold-overs are John Catlin, lawyer-blacksmith and Robert Norton, realtor. The new members are James Thoburn, realtor, Bernard Rowntree, realtor, and Joseph Burge, nurseryman. All but the first-named pretty close to the ground.

Serra Pageant Enlists Aid of San Francisco Business Men

Carmel, in carrying out its plans for the Serra Pageant, will receive much help from many prominent San Francisco business men according to D. L. Staniford who attended a luncheon given to a group of picked business men by Mr. J. Tobin at the Palace hotel on Tuesday of last week. The luncheon was given solely for the purpose of finding out what San Francisco business men could do to help.

"Although no definite decision was reached," says Mr. Staniford, "I feel assured that Carmel has the whole-hearted support of San Francisco business men who will do everything in their power to make the coming Pageant a success."

Revolt!

(Editor's Note: In view of the fact that a co-operative unit is in the process of formation here in Carmel, the following article may be of interest. Monterey has one of the first units formed in the State but it is merely for labor. Carmel seems the logical place for an Art Unit.)

The U.C.D.A. or Co-operative Units of Southern California now have more than 200,000 active members. In existence almost two years, the growth has been so phenomenal and yet under cover that the average citizen, who is employed, is unaware of its existence.

Organized not as a Socialist or Communist group, it is nevertheless rapidly acquiring dictatorial powers at least as far as the local Los Angeles city and county government is concerned.

The Units are spread over the entire area, exchanging food-stuffs in accordance with their locality. For instance, the beach areas trade the valley Units smoked fish for dried fruit, etc.

The announced intention of the organization is to make the members self-supporting, and so far, a great deal has been accomplished along these lines.

Recently however, a new Unit, an Art Group or Brains section, has been fostered with the idea of developing leaders. In this division are such men as Richard Neutra, the architect, Blanding Sloan, the artist, and a large number of chemical engineers, actors, lawyers, and men of considerable culture.

It is with this group that the future of the U.C.D.A. seems to lie. With leaders of intelligence, the present administration cannot pass lightly over. These men are demanding, and getting, a great deal more than just salt pork, army beans, and a few food rations.

These men are fostering such projects as excellent community housings, acre farm plots, reclamation of used oil for fuels, etc., and are even asking (which is a step before demanding) money for Art projects such as Theatre workshops, studios for artists, and laboratories for their scientists.

Naturally, such developments are not unnoticed by the city, county and state politicians. Meetings with men from the Federal government are taking place daily and, of course, it is quite usual for these U.C.D.A. leaders to be offered all manner of jobs in return for their political friendship.

Besides interviewing these leaders, we have also spoken with such men as Upton Sinclair and Al Cohn, the new Democratic Collector of the Port of Los Angeles. It is their opinion that the U.C.D.A. must be recognized as it is the logical medium with which a social revolution of the American Middle Class may be arranged.

Speaking with newspapermen of Los Angeles, and particularly with some members of the *Los Angeles Times* staff, we have found that even the so-called capitalists there are intent on currying favor with this group. In fact, it has been stated that if the group does develop leaders who cannot be bought off with jobs, it will be the beginning of the end as far as the present order is concerned. Members of the U.C.D.A. (which name will be shortly changed, we understand) are not all unemployed. Far from it. Some work in the research departments of the studios, one man is a famous colored actor, etc. But all seem eager to revolt in some manner or other. Exceptional personalities seem to predominate.

It will be interesting to watch such a development here in Carmel, the gathering place of all the Arts and Crafts. Mrs. Olga Fish, the well-known philanthropist, is understood to have given five hundred dollars as a donation to the Monterey Unemployed Relief Council quite recently.

P. O'C.

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Mr. and Mrs. Mowery who have been occupying the Snow cottage on Lincoln Street for the past three months left last week to motor to their home in Connecticut.

Villager Critic Caustically Condemns Curtseys

By Janet Large

The other day we had the opportunity of representing *Rob Wagner's Script,* (passes, don't you know!) at the opening of "Affairs of State," written by Maurice Anthony who may or may not be Gilmor Brown, and presented by the Pasadena Community Playhouse.

And in comparison to said production, our own Carmel Community Players shine as the sun at high noon. Nor is this just oil to be poured on heavy seas. For we have yet to see a Flit Gun Specialist in full regalia on his hands and knees, big game hunting up and down the aisles of any of our local theatres.

And that is just one of the incidents which we recall concerning that amusing evening spent at the Pasadena Community Playhouse where we went especially to see our beloved Arthur Hately under the *nom de guerre* of John Hale.

With half the cast male characters, Mr. Hale, alias Arthur, played his part in a decidedly masculine manner, while the rest were rather poor imitations of that sex. We hope that Mr. Hale, nee Hately, will continue to uphold the honor of Troop Two.

And now we come to Jerre. The much advertised and one and only Jerre. Billed as a female impersonator (weren't they all?) we found Jerre most convincing as a woman. Jerre played the part of a diplomatist of the time of Louis XVI. The story called for said diplomatist to appear in feminine array. Did he love it! And did we love Jerre's curtseys? Oh, my yes!

The program was a wealth of information. It told of many hundreds having been spent upon the costuming. They quite outshone the rest of the production, and here we were, always believing that the play was the thing. But one does learn things in dear old Pasadena.

Concerning the performance we heartily commend the choice of play, in view of the fact that it was at least an original.

Poorly constructed we grant, but nevertheless gratifying to find that the P. C. C. were not afraid to back new plays. And it is our sincerest hope that the C. C. P. will continue in their choice of new plays, whether by well-known authors or those whom the Gods of Favor have not yet touched makes no difference. For authors need encouragement as well as actors. And if there were no plays what good were actors?

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lancing Bailey of Stockton have taken a cottage in the Eighty Acres for one year.

The Autobiography of An Adolescent

AN ANONYMOUS NOVEL

A biographer once said of Francois Villon that "in all his writings it would be hard to find a line accusing fortune or luck; he accepts what has happened without whining and speaks of the past without many glosses; nor does he deign to offer an apology to men, but carries it to a place where it will have a better chance of being accepted. He has the courage of his vices, but he also has the courage of his regrets . . ."

What better example can I , in my audacity, beg leave to follow? Desiring no comparison with Villon, for there is none, other than the fact that he, D'Artagnan, de Bergerac, Cellini and all those gallants of that time have been, and always will be, heroes to an adolescent like myself.

Why should I put on paper my paltry thoughts, my immature excursions into life? None of the color, the adventures that befell these bravos, has been my lot. Physically, and mentally too perhaps, I am no longer even an adolescent. From the time of my birth to the date of this writing, I have not spanned a quarter century, but I have lived a bit, had a son born to me, a daughter buried, been divorced, served in many capacities from friend and advisor of statesman to garbarge collector for a municipality.

My trade, if I may be said to have any, is that of a newspaperman, but my avocations are many, and to list them here would be an attempt to make you read this book by high pressure salesmanship and I would have to lie to make myself sound more attractive. I am writing this because I think it will be fun, so much seems to have happened to me, so much more seems about to happen, that I'd best get it down while I have the chance. Despite my few wanderings, this is not going to be a travel book, so I won't indulge in scenic lies. And if I use real names, it is because I like to remember the real people.

Someone said that no man ever writes the truth about himself and who am I to be an exception. If I write a bit about love, it's not because I fancy myself a Casanova, but because it has been by far one of the most amusing aspects of my life.

Because I have a slight hangover just now, I am more modest than usual, so I won't go into details about my family. However, up to the time I was born, they were all gentlemen, so much so, that they never mentioned the fact. I do, so conclusions may be drawn.

Before becoming an adolescent, and by the way, when does that occur, and when does it stop? Or will mine go on forever? To start again, before attaining this present stage, my life in the cocoon is remembered only by vague memories. A lot of money was present I know, because there has been such a consistent lack of it ever since.

There were nurses, governesses, and lots of travel. There were horses and grooms, and always in the background, a quiet, unassuming man who was my father. I have never fully appreciated all that he did for me, but I do know that the publication of this effort will be just another climax to the many his ludicrous offspring has presented him.

Up to the time I decided not to make any more attempts at staying in school, much travel had resulted in my attending forty different halls of learning. All this merely inured me to pedantry and my only legitimate graduation was by request from the seventh grade. That teacher was the one with the least resistance.

I have no particular credo, nor beliefs. Of morals, well, I agree perhaps with Nietzsche, providing I ever agree with anyone for any length of time. Philosophy is something no adolescent has a right to possess, and besides, it is for old men to talk of in the evenings when their energy cannot be devoted to what Voltaire called "experimental physics (?)"

Friendship is perhaps the only virtue, and one that is broken fully as frequently as that other mythical virtue assiduously and enthusiastically offered by maidens, if such there be.

Of honesty I have seen but little and of hypocrisy a great deal. Decency is purely a personal matter and not one to be administered by law. Chivalry is not a protection of women as some believe, but merely the best method to pursue. The results are quicker and better. The motto which should be adopted in regard to sex, "recreation, not procreation" is iconoclastic, but still a good topic for discussion if you have the right environment. Anywhere but a street corner. Women? Well, we'll come to them later. Don't we all?

This has gone far enough. One more point to be brought out, at the mystical age of seven, surrounded by great big men, fraternity brothers of my own seventeen years-older-than-myself-brother, I one day announced in answer to that eternal question, "what-are-you-going-to-be-when-you-grow-up?" I boldly and firmly announced, "A writer."

I talked a lot about it then and have been talking about it ever since. It has been my alibi for refusing remunerative but highly disdained plebeian positions. It lead me into newspaperdom, it was my excuse to cease being a benedict, and it is the only proof that I have a one-track mind. Or any mind at all.

And now, as good Rabelais says . . .

(To be continued next week)

Carmel Nine Loses to Monterey

The Monterey Grammer School baseball team defeated the Sunset School nine by a 5 to 1 score after a hard battle on the Monterey school diamond last Friday afternoon. Although the Carmel boys put up a brave fight and Bud Brownell pitched a steady game, they were in no way a match for the strong Monterey team.

Friday's game was the third of a series which the Sunset School plays with other grammar schools of the Peninsula. The Carmel boys won their first games with Pacific Grove, 2 to 1, and New Monterey, 12 to 6

Kuster to Present Fritzchen in San Francisco

Several dress rehearsals of "Fritzchen," one of the two one-act plays which Edward G. Kuster is to present in San Francisco soon with the Golden Bough Players, were held over the week end in the Carmel Community Playhouse.

"Fritzchen," written by Hermann Sudermann, famous in the '90s as the author of "Magda," "The Song of Songs" and the group of one-act masterpieces known as "Morituri," is a tense and compact drama of Continental flavor demanding the "atmospheric" style of production in which its present producer delights.

As far as is known, "Fritzchen" has never before been presented in Western America.

Evert Sholund of Monterey is cast in the leading role. Other local players who will appear in the San Francisco performances are Charlotte Lawrence of this village and Charles Kilian of Pacific Grove.

Out of town members of the cast who have been guests at the Kuster home on the Point are: Betty Meyers and Robert Farrell of San Francisco and Georgia Wapple of Hollister.

Both "Fritzchen" and Maurice Browne's "Mother of Gregory," also in preparation, will be presented in Carmel early this summer.

Poor Gentlemen

An Essay on A National Disgrace

In a country where success is God, why is failure still popular? Something drastic must be done about it, more legislation perhaps? Not for the failures on park benches, we need them for comparison of means, but the men who seem to deliberately not get ahead. Men who are poor financially, but strange to say, well enough off intellectually, even ahead of our prosperous ones who lead this nation on. Men who inquire, "on where?" and smile at their own lack of success, and seem quietly proud of it. Men who, for want of a more opprobrious term, are known as "gentlemen."

What shall a great nation like ours do with these heretics? We have curtailed and prohibited a great deal in the short life of this democracy, but we still have gentlemen. Men who are philosophers at heart and drones where adding to their income tax is concerned.

Of course, there are some who will tell you that "gentlemen" are extinct in this great republic. That our life and thought is so arranged as to prohibit such bacteria from entering our national consciousness and polluting our ideal business men. But let these people beware. In remote sections of this land there *are* gentlemen! True, they are not organized. They have no fraternal brotherhoods, klans, lodge songs or mass meetings. In fact, if you accused any one of them of being a gentleman, he would merely politely wonder what you were trying to sell him. If you insisted the point, he would undoubtedly deny it. So you see, the government is going to have a hard time rounding them all up for deportation.

If you are adept, you can tell one of them by careful observation. They used to habit the public libraries until the libraries hid away stuff like Shaw, and France, and Hardy and those old dry writers to make room for Elinor Glyn and our other foremost novelists that our public has developed.

It must be said, in all fairness, that they are sometimes satisfactory citizens in a domestic way, if they happen to mate with one of their own kind, known as a "lady." But when they mix with the flower of American womanhood, then the next thing you hear of them, they have joined the Foreign Legion, or gone with Byrd to the South Pole.

The chief danger lies in the propagation of their species. The young of these people sometimes inherit their ideas and appreciations. The cure for this, however, lies in our public schools. By the time they have graduated from high school, their own parents hardly know them, they have become so American.

As a patriotic duty, if you suspect your neighbor of being a gentleman, or his wife a lady, you should write immediately to your Congressman. Gentlemen are very unpopular with Congressmen; in fact, with all public officials they are not even recognized. So you see, you will have Right upon your side, and steps will be taken to discourage these people from making their home near your home and having their children near your children. How terrible it would be to have your little Willie come in to dinner some evening and draw your chair out for you. That is, just draw it out far enough to enable you to sit in it, and not on the floor, as he often does, the little dear!

It is gradually getting easier to eliminate these throw-backs to our ancestors, (although there is some doubt as to whether or not our ancestors *were* ladies and gentlemen) as they themselves are not averse to moving away from one hundred per cent American communities.

Some have gone to the South Seas where they will probably intermingle with those savages, which will be all right. Especially for the savage women. Some have gone to live in the decadent countries bordering the Mediterranean which is all right too, now that most good Americans have visited those places and returned righteously holding their noses.

For a while it looked as if the climate might attract some of them to Southern California, but a wise Government quickly combated that by moving the sovereign state of Iowa out there. That is as good a method as any, but alas, the Government can't move Iowans everywhere! So it is up to each individual citizen, the minute he notices someone quietly reading a book, or contemplating the beauties of nature without thinking how he can commercialize them, or above all, minding his own business, to report him at once! Then, and not until then, can you claim to be a true American.

P. O'C.

N. R. A. Checkup Under Way

All peninsula industries operating under any N. R. A. codes will soon undergo a strict systematic check-up, according to Fred R. Bechdolt, district supervisor for the National Recovery Administration.

The minimum wage scale and the maximum hours of work prescribed by the codes must be posted in a conspicuous place in each establishment.

Bechdolt asks that any employees, who are not now receiving or who have not been receiving proper wages in accordance with the code, report the details to him. He will be found at the Monterey Chamber of Commerce any week day from 10 a.m. to noon.

Peninsula Plans President's Day

The second annual "President's Day" plans, through the efforts of William Sorensen, New Monterey merchant, are well under way to make this year's event a success. The program will follow last year's procedure with a parade to the Monterey ball park where a patriotic program will take place.

A letter has been sent to Congressman John J. McGrath asking him to obtain a message of greeting from the President to be read as a feature of the program.

It is planned to have George Creel, close friend of President Roosevelt, as the principal speaker.

Douglas School Four Defeats Menlo J. C.

The Douglas School for Boys polo team defeated the Menlo Junior College team 7 to 6 after a heated game on the Pebble Beach field last Saturday morning.

The line up for the Douglas School team was: Stuyvesant Fish, Wilfred McCuskey, Philip Hatton and Tom Wilder. For Menlo J. C.: Lad Hyde, Leon Derby, Carl Beal, John Porter and Peter Dave.

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Manila String Orchestra at Denny-Watrous

Saturday night in the Denny-Watrous Gallery Aspre, celebrated Filipino violinist, and his Manila String Orchestra, will present a program of native music.

Rosita Lamont, star of the Philippine talking picture "The Rose of Manila" will appear in person and sing two groups of native songs.

The Manila String Orchestra will play on their native instruments, the octabina, la-ud, first and second banduria, guitar and bass-guitar, and violin.

Pistol Club Places Fourth in National Event

After ten weeks of shooting by the ten best marksmen on the team the final check-up of the U.S.R.A. matches shows that the Carmel Pistol Club has taken fourth place in the Novice class of this national event. This is the first time the club has entered in this match.

In the near future, according to James Williams of the Carmel Pistol Club, there will be a visitors' day at the outdoor range where the best shots in the club will perform for all interested.

Public School Week Observed Here

Last night, in the Sunset School Auditorium, there was presented a splendid musical program which opened a series of events which are dedicated as Carmel's contribution to Public School Week.

This morning, Thursday and Friday mornings are visiting days at the Sunset School. Parents, relatives of students, and all interested are urged to take advantage of this excellent opportunity of seeing just how a modern public school is conducted.

Monitors will receive visitors, see that they sign the register, and answer questions so that the teachers may continue the work of the classes without interruption. The Daily Classroom Schedule will be posted as a guide to parents and visitors.

On Friday, April 27, at 11:20 a.m., there will be a Student Body meeting. The pupils will be present and discuss their own problems. At 2:30 on Friday there will be a track meet. Two evenly balanced teams, the Reds and the Blues, will compete in the 25-, 50-, and 75-yard dashes; 300-yard relay; shot put; jumping and hurdles.

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Alpine Aria

Long hours after Marianne had gone to bed Derek sat alone in the moonlight. The stars overhead must have chuckled to each other as they watched the little comedy going on beneath them.

To the stars, it was just the same old story. To Derek, it was as new as tomorrow's newspaper. To Marianne . . . well, Marianne was asleep, and only a Marianne can sleep when a fellow like Derek is around.

Late motorists sped swiftly along the Grand Corniche. The great road ran past the little villa Derek had rented for Marianne. Derek had done quite a few things for Marianne. He thought for quite awhile, without coming to the realization that Marianne was the sort that the more one does, the less one is appreciated.

Not that Derek wanted appreciation. Far from it. Derek wanted only love, and was fool enough to admit it. It seems that all men who admit such things are great fools. So the stars chuckled.

From some distant villa came the strains of soft music. The music didn't help Derek's mood. Music was something to be associated with women. And women were somehow Derek's trouble.

First there had been a Flossie. Somehow all decent men seem to become entangled with a Flossie in their youth. The more decent they are, the flossier the Flossies. In America the term is floosie, which like 'tart,' 'skirt,' 'broad,' is a very descriptive American word.

There are quite a few Dereks in this best of all possible worlds. Always enough to supply the Flossies and the Mariannes. Only this Derek did not yet realize that the difference between the Flossies and the Mariannes was as slight as is the difference between all women.

Of course, Derek would learn in time, but that is no consolation to a man sitting in the moonlight brooding over the fact that his mistress is undoubtedly unfaithful. Of what use, thought Derek, is anyone who can't be honest. even for a few months on the Riviera? Asleep in her Louis XVI bed, Marianne dreamt of her youth, which was really comparatively recent. In her dreams she saw again the meadows and fields of Sussex where she had been a maiden. At least up to the time she was sixteen.

Faintly, through her subsconscious, came a picturization of her ideal. The ideal she had cherished before an uncouth, yet masculine farm lad had proven ideals something to laugh at in haystacks.

In her dreams this ideal was very real. He was a fair-haired lad with an infectious smile, unlimited funds, and a gay racing car. In her sleep she didn't know she was dreaming of Derek as he was before he ran into the Flossies of this still best of all possible worlds.

Outside in the moonlight Derek was musing of the woman he one day had imagined he would find. A woman who didn't have such startling similarity to all other women. He gave up such thoughts as a bad job as he said to himself that that was all over now. And so was Marianne.

In the morning, which was coming soon, he would pack his luggage, leave a check more than enough to care for her, and away he'd go. Perhaps to America, or maybe he'd climb an Alp or two, as all unsuccessful lovers who could afford to do so, did.

Alps, however, were places from which unsuccessful lovers sometimes slipped. Not that he'd mind slipping if he thought that would really erase the pain from his mind. Pain . . . what right had he to expect anything else. Had he really thought . . . was he still the romantic fool of his boyhood? Was Marianne perhaps . . . ?

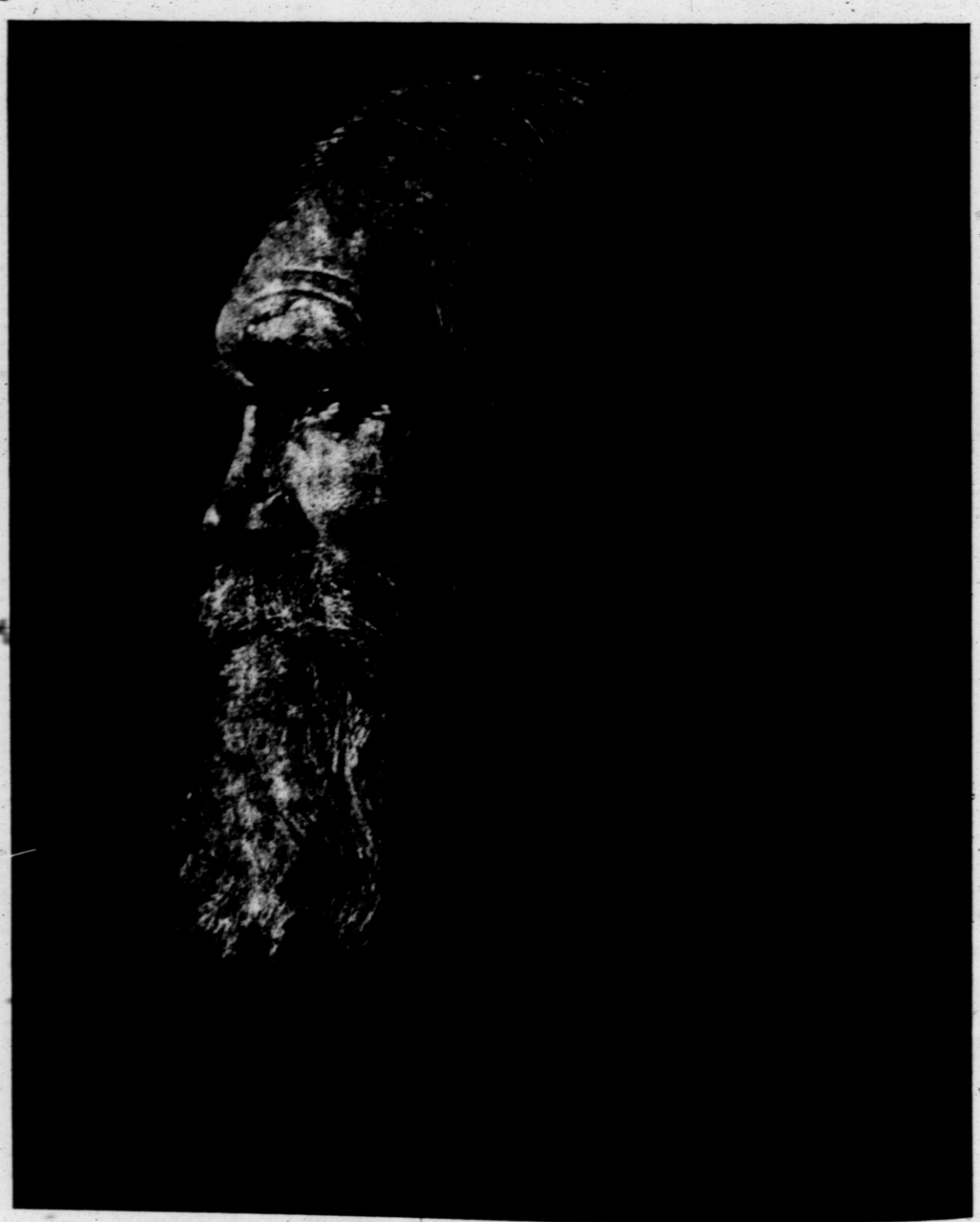
Oh, well, it was late and he was sleepy now. The stars nodded knowingly to each other and a few of them winked. They'd seen this sort of thing for æons.

Inside, Derek wished that he'd taken a larger villa. For this one had only one bedroom. And in the huge bed lay Marianne. With her pretty mouth rather open. That should dispel illusion, smiled Derek, but probably I, too, sleep in the same manner, so what.

Slowly donning his pajamas, Derek looked at her. She evidently still dreamt of her youth, for her body undulated slowly, smoothly . . . No, thought Derek, I'm a man of infinite inner strength, and that would only start things all over again. Besides three nights ago she was out all night and so was Lord John Rosebury, my friend. Hah!

Sliding gently into the sheets and drawing the covers up to his chin quietly so as to not awaken the sleeping, dreaming Marianne, Derek could nevertheless not resist the impulse to raise himself on his elbow and look once again at her. She smiled in her sleep and wriggled just a little bit.

No, said Derek to himself again. No, not for me. In the morning, my suitcase and then the Alps. A soft white hand, outstretched in utter, restless sleep, touched his, and the pretty lips murmured something he couldn't quite catch. He leaned closer. The arm encircled his neck.



"PIONEER," by B. B. Fisher, Pacific Grove, Courtesy *Camera Craft*

Somehow Derek didn't then feel quite the strong, well-controlled man of much inner strength. Hesitatingly, and as a sort of last gesture, he kissed those pretty lips.

Then Derek felt himself quite at loose ends. The lips moved again. After all, thought Derek, I'm a civilized man, and aren't all women. . . what was it Mr. Franklin said? Derek came much closer to those pretty red lips and the lips murmured, as he kissed them again, what was it . . . it was . . . yes . . . it was . . . very softly . . . "John!"

The Alps were awfully cold that year.

P. O'C.

Eight Years in Russia Lends Authenticity to Lecture

Madame Barry Orlova will present, at the Community Playhouse on Friday evening, April 27, an address in lecture form "Russia Yesterday and Today," being personal experiences based on her eight years in Russia before, during and after the war, including red days of the early Bolshevik rule of terror. She will be introduced by Martin Flavin, the playwright, who has just returned from a stay in Russia where he studied conditions and sought material for new dramas.

The world-wide travels of Madame Orlova as an exponent of Plastique, the art of combined-motion and recitation, have given her ample background for authoritative words on international conditions, and in particular Russia, the most talked of nation on the modern political map.

Tickets are obtainable at Staniford's Drug Store.

Unfortunate Accident

Unconscious since his car crashed into a tree early Saturday morning on the 17 Mile Drive, Elsworth Barnes, 17-year-old Pacific Grove youth suffering from a severe fracture of the skull, multiple contusions and probable internal injuries, has a fighting chance to recover, according to Dr. Mast Wolfson of the Monterey Hospital staff, although small hope was held for his life at first.

Miss Cin Ramey, 18, also of Pacific Grove, who was with Barnes at the time of the accident and suffered from traumatic shock, contusions and bruises, was able to go home Sunday.

Ranald Cockburn, co-publisher of the "Carmel Pine Cone," was taken to the Carmel Hospital Sunday, where he must undergo an operation for an infection at the base of his spine. Dr. David Matzke is the surgeon in charge.

Poetry

Pan to the Moon Goddess

Evil comes when the moon turns red
Death stalks by with heavy tread
Women have your hour to dread
Goddess of the Moon, Diana

Men make merry this side of hell
Wenching, drinking, yet wishing well
Until death tolls thy dreadful knell
Goddess of the Moon, Diana

Love lies dying in a darkened room
Childless cries from a barren womb
Ancients enter thy waiting tomb
Goddess of the Moon, Diana

I fear thee not with thy frigid face
Alone I entered thy eternal chase
And faster than thou, I keep the pace
Goddess of the Moon, Diana

Some to my song so softly sigh
But this song is just for you and I
So still thy eternal, mournful cry
Goddess of the Moon, Diana

Love

As
I wandered through the forest
The moon rose in a crescent
Like the clipped tip of my lady's finger-nail
Underneath my cloven hoof
The green moss crumbled
Like the hearts of the little people
Who realize that love is not for them
The moon rose higher
A wild owl called
A leprechaun peeped out his wee head
From beneath a toadstool
And said to me,
"Fool, who are you
To dream of love such as mortals
Do obtain, albeit under the
Veriest false pretenses?"

Song of the Cypress

List to the lyrical lustful lay
Of the Latins of Lebanon
But mock not my memories of Old Monterey
With the musk and Myrrh of Babylon
For none can contain that queer quatrain
Inspired by the ghosts of Carmel
Those sentinels solemn in mournful column
The cypresses sent from hell.

Song for A Suicide

Some there are who say that man
Shall find release from sorrow—
But those who say that no one can
They think not of the morrow—
And knowing not how sore travail
Comes quickly and forgets to go—
Their wisdom thus is no avail
Nor can the thinking make it so—
And those of us who sometimes cry
Perhaps in silence and alone
Forget that each of us must try
For others pleasures to atone
Thus nuns are made and lonely men
And sailors from the sea
And Kings and Queens who know not wher
The end will come, like you and me.

L'Envoi

To all of these who seek surcease
Who hoped for gentler things—
Say not that death is just disease,
But love with darkened wings.

Moon Over Monterey

Spanish moss o'erhangs the oak
Behind that old adobe
Where Nita hid beneath the cloak
Of Cavalier Juan Tobe.
As Papa Sanchez swore aloud
And searched through his adobes
The Spanish moon hid 'neath a cloud
Now there are many Tobes.

Oyster Omniscience

Willie the oyster
Lived far below the sea
Willie the Oyster said
Love is not for me
It's a thought that I
Can do very well without
My love life is so completely
Routed in a rout
So take your charms
And vain delusions
Your rosy cheeks
And feminine contusions
For I'm not the oyster
You think I am
As an adolescent oyster
Not yet in the can
I must confess
Without the semblance of a blush
That love is for me just salt water slush
And so my sweet I decline to roister
For the sane sufficient reason

Carmel Community Players Meet and Make Plans

A general meeting of the Carmel Community Players took place at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Friday evening of last week with Sidney A. Trevvett in the chair.

The meeting was well attended, nearly sixty being present, and proceeded to business with the election of the Board of Directors for the coming year. Lloyd Tevis read the report of the Nominating Committee, which included the following names:

J. L. Cockburn, Mrs. Paula Dougherty, Mrs. Olga Fish, Byington Ford, Adolph G. E. Hanke, Mrs. Fern Hyde, Harold L. Mack, Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Mrs. Forest Nicol, Major Chester A. Shephard, Lloyd Tevis, Sidney A. Trevvett, Charles K. Van Riper, Eugene A. H. Watson and Lloyd Weer, all of whom were elected.

After the reading of the Treasurer's report, which revealed the gratifying progress made by the Carmel Community Players during the last eight months, short addresses outlining the aims and objects to be attained in the coming year were given by Mrs. Fish and by Mrs. Dougherty. An intensely interesting talk was also given by Gordon Davis, the director selected for the forthcoming play to be given at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the nights of May 30 and 31, June 1 and 2, in which he recalled his experiences acting at the Forest Theater some eighteen years ago, and set before the group the essential facts to be borne in mind by a community drama group.

The policies of the organization will be unchanged and the outstanding fact was the enthusiactic approval to carry on under the name of Carmel Community Players, a name well established in the confidence of the Monterey Peninsula.

Having terminated the arrangement with Edward J. Kuster, whereby plays heretofore had been produced at the Carmel Playhouse, renamed by the Players the "Carmel Community Playhouse," no definite arrangements have been made for the future, other than the first production at the Gallery on May 30, and the probability that one or more productions will be presented at the Forest Theater in conjunction with the latter organization, promising a real community effort for the first time in many years.

Elayne Lawson Holds Recital

Miss Elayne Lawson, 18-year-old pianist-composer from the Monterey peninsula, revealed unusual talent to a Pro Musica audience last Wednesday evening in San Francisco.

While Miss Lawson does not belong specifically to any so-called "school" of composition, and while she writes a great deal in the descriptive vein, she gives evidence that she is thinking more or less in the terms of today and not merely imitating composers of a preceding era.

Miss Lawson, who plays and composes under the name of Elayne Lavrans, is a protege of David Alberto.

Interest in Art

Students of the Carmel life class are so interested and enthusiastic about their work that they are signing a petition to present to Mr. McKillop to see if it is in any way possible to have the classes continue through the summer months.

"I have never seen more enthusiasm displayed by any Latin quarter group," says Clay Otto, the instructor. "The moment the classroom is opened there is a mad rush and scramble for the best seats."

Although these classes are held in Carmel they are part of the Monterey Union High School activity and expenses are defrayed from the high school budget

The Architectural Engineering class, which is held in Monterey, and is also conducted by Clay Otto, has some legislation in preparation whereby contractors must pass a rigorous examination to show their fitness and financial integrity before they can secure a license to carry out their work. In this way clients are greatly safeguarded in their dealings with contractors.

* * *

Mr. Stahl, who specializes in Packard service, and who is also the local dealer for Studebaker automobiles, believes that more and more people in Carmel are coming to the use of larger and heavier cars. This is due, he says, to their proven economy in the long run.

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License Ordinance Discussed

In order to clear up some misunderstanding regarding the amendment to the business license ordinance given its first reading last Monday by the old council and to be given its final reading by the new council tonight, the following information is furnished:

When the business license ordinance was given its first reading a grave injustice to firms that have been doing business in Carmel since last July was discovered by the Carmel Business Association, but it was too late to make any changes at that time.

No intention existed in the minds of the License Committee of the Business Association to penalize firms that were in business, even for a short time, prior to the passage of the ordinance; firms that had previously taken out licenses under the existing license ordinance of the city.

With the cooperation of the City Council, Argyll Campbell, City Attorney, was asked by the License Committee of the Carmel Business Association to draw up an amendment to the ordinance, whereby firms that could show, on July 1st of this year, average gross monthly sales for a period of three months or more would be able to classify themselves in the proper brackets for license fees and not be subject to the $100 provision for individuals that intended starting in business in Carmel.

This was believed by the Carmel Business Association to be only fair and that the amendment would meet with general approval.

The license ordinance is as good as can be drawn at the present time and it is believed that a fair trial will show that it is workable and just. If, however, in the course of time, any corrections or amendments become necessary, it will be simple and proper to have such amendments made. E. A. H. W.

Last Minute News
Thoburn Mayor!

James H. Thoburn, local real estate agent, former Stanford football star and world war veteran was elected to succeed John Catlin as mayor following the seating of the new council last week. Other new councilmen are Bernard Rowntree and Joseph Burge.

Thoburn appointed Burge commissioner of streets and parks, Rowntree commissioner of lights and water, Robert Norton commissioner of fire and police, and Catlin commissioner of health and safety.

According to the new members no changes in the policy of the council or personnel of the city departments is planned and any action that they take will be influenced by future developments.

Fights at Watsonville Friday Night

Carmel fight fans will be interested to know that Bud Naulty, flyweight champion of the U. S. Army, who is stationed at the Monterey Presidio, will fight Speedy Dado, the Filipino flash from Manila, in a six-round special event at Watsonville Friday night. Both boys are clever and fast and should provide good entertainment.

1 1 1

The Sunset School baseball tournament was finished last week with Bud Brownell's team winning the school championship from a field of six evenly matched teams. This league was open to any boy from the fourth to eighth grade inclusive.

Fundamentals of baseball, teamwork, good sportsmanship and development of prospects for the school team were the main objects of this league.

1 1 1

Ernest Perkins, the genial young proprietor of the Carmel Hardware Co., announced today that he is moving his establishment from Ocean Avenue over to Dolores Street. Mr. Perkins is well known and liked for his enthusiasm and assistance in local Boy Scout activities.

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DOLORES AT SEVENTH
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

Peninsula Pot-Pourri...

A four o'clock tea was given in honor of Miss Clara Kellogg last Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Karl Rendtorff. Miss Kellogg, who has just recently completed her term on the Sunset School Board and City Council, is leaving Thursday to visit with friends in St. Paul. She will be away until June and on the way home will visit in Chicago and Mesa Verde Park, Colorado. Carmel wishes her an enjoyable vacation.

Bettie Greene, Mollie Murphy and Mrs. Pearl Barnett motored to Tanforan last week and attended the races.

Catherine Kehler and Mrs. Bennett returned to Carmel last week after a two weeks motor trip through Oregon.

Miss Betty Hyde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hyde, has secured a position as model for Maison Marie's French dress shop in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tucker and their son Clyde and Ida Jenkins of San Jose spent the week at the Douglass home.

Only nine students received the diptheria immunization given by Dr. Fortier, county health officer, at the Sunset school last week. Records show that this is a much smaller number than those who received immunization last year. Dr. Fortier was assisted by Miss Eunice Carey, county nurse.

Mr. D. B. Thorburn and party of San Jose have taken the Emery cottage in Carmel Woods for a week.

W. S. Follete and Mrs. Follete of San Jose spent the week in the Haseltine cottage on San Antonio.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Palache left last Monday for a six months visit to the British Isles. They are making the entire trip by boat via the Isthmus. On the return trip they will take the train for California from New York.

A double engagement announcement was made last Wednesday when Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Trevvett announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Mr. Gilbert Haven Meese; and Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Johnson announced the engagement of their daughter, Patricia, to Mr. David Kreigh Trevvett, son, of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Trevvett. The announcement was made at the Trevvett home.

Earl P. Parkes, Jr., Los Angeles aviator, who has been visiting with his father Percy Parkes, local builder and contractor, has returned to the south after a four weeks visit in Carmel.

William Staniford and Robert Smith motored to Palo Alto over the week end and attended the annual formal dance at the Castilleja School for Girls.

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OCEAN AND
SEVENTH

Plymouth

GIVES THE
WORLD THE
CAR DESIGN
OF TOMORROW
TODAY!

An engineer recently stated that if everyone were to drive their cars backwards they would be able, not only to save gasoline, but to increase their maximum speed . . . due to the method of streamlining the rear of car bodies

PLYMOUTH HAS
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Mice and Mountains

For a mountain to labor and bring forth a mouse has become quite commonplace. But for a mouse to bring forth a mountain—that is news!

Carmel, as the mouse, is—and properly should be—thrilled and a little amazed at its gargantuan progeny, "The Drunkard," now in its tenth month in Los Angeles.

Less than one year ago, Galt Bell, one-time director of the Carmel Community Theatre, appeared in Hollywood, that mushroom of cinema fame. In that hard-boiled village—where children learn the facts of life before the fancies—he was merely another of the ten thousand young men with an idea. Today he stands upon the threshold of national recognition in the theatre. And all through the medium of one production.

"The Drunkard or The Fallen Saved," a moral, domestic drama, flashed light upon the American stage in Boston in 1843. It flared, flickered and disappeared in a few short years. In 1926 Alice Brainerd discovered the manuscript in an old trunk in Berkeley, California. She produced the old melodrama with fair success at irregular intervals. It was her manuscript that formed the basis of Bell's production in Carmel and in Hollywood.

Mr. Bell unintentionally timed his arrival in Los Angeles to coincide with the return of beer. He formed a connection with Preston L. Shobe, a remarkable young man, who can conceive, organize and launch a scheme with amazing speed and precision.

On July 6, 1933, "The Drunkard" made its bow to a friendly audience at the Theatre Mart, a small house with a Little Theatre jinx, hidden behind the Alexander Pantages manor.

It staggered along for a few weeks without advertising, to a slowly increasing cash business. Then the unconventional and friendly atmosphere of the place began to catch on. The audiences were seated at tables and served free beer, and permitted to smoke. At the conclusion of the show they were not immediately hustled out, but sat about and talked. From this an after-piece of extemporaneous entertainment developed.

As the popularity of the production increased, a regular program was devised for the after-piece. It consisted of a few individual numbers, but chiefly the singing of old songs by the audience.

Enthusiasm for "The Drunkard" suddenly began to exceed all bounds. It became the show place of Los Angeles. Famous people would come over and over again and join in the fun with the excitement of children. Critics from the metropolitan papers hailed it as a new era in the theatre; a new trend which would bring back the music halls and vaudeville. *Variety*, the macabre trade paper of the profession, called it a new way to peddle beer.

At any rate, the house sells out solid two weeks in advance.

Imitators sprang up, and continue to—all over the country. Harry Bannister, a well known New York producer, but better known for having been Ann Harding's husband, produced the show in New York and credited Bell for the manner in which the old play was treated. William Le Baron purchased the right to use the Theatre Mart production in a Paramount picture. Radio has been casting longing eyes, and now, a road production has developed.

* * *

A tea was given by Mrs. Sidney Fish at her Carmel Valley home last week for the board of directors of the Carmel Community Players. Plans for the coming year were discussed and the new director, Mr. Gordon Davis, was introduced.

* * *

Amongst the college students who visited their homes here over the week end were Jean Thompson, Stanford; Lad Hyde, Menlo; Dick Thompson, Menlo; and Spec Watson, Menlo.

* * *

Mrs. Ann O'Crotty, her sister Rita O'Byrne, and son Michael are visiting Mrs. O'Crotty's mother in Southern California.

* * *

Miss Marion Crocker, a middle-aged woman who has been a frequent visitor to Carmel during the past few years, died at her home on Ocean and Scenic Monday morning. Death was caused by heart failure.

And again . . . a new type face joins our family

We are continually adding to our stock of SOUND type faces. Not, however, as the great majority of printers do . . . purchasing every new type creation under the mistaken idea that anything that is new must be good . . . but only making a purchase after having studied each and every character of a type design. If we then feel that the *basic design is sound* a new type face takes its place amongst our other beautiful creations . . . thus providing ONE of the many necessary items which has enabled us to create DISTINCTIVE printing of value for our clients.

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This advertisement composed in Trafton Script and Kennerley

Kuster's Komment

NOTES ON SCIENCE AND TECHNIQUE BY
WILHELM HERMANN MEYER-KUSTER

(Ed. Note: In presenting these articles on "Soaring" by Mr. Kuster, THE VILLAGER *feels that it has a competent authority on the subject. Mr. Kuster has designed for, and flown with the "Akademische Fliegergruppe Darmstadt." More articles will follow.)*

In telling the story of human flight, our attention is first drawn to the large soaring birds, birds which are too large to propel themselves through the air on their own energy for extended periods.

An albatross follows a steamer for days without flapping its wings. From where, then, does this bird derive the energy necessary to execute the elegant maneuvers of which it is capable? The answer is rather surprising. The ship's engine furnishes the power for the bird.

When a fish swims close to the surface, a small wave appears on the water. In the same manner a wave of air is created when a steamer or an automobile advances through the air, and the energy required to displace this air is supplied by the engine of the vehicle. When a fluid medium, like air, is obliged to flow around an object, it naturally is displaced in all directions if there are no obstructions. It is therefore apparent that a vertical air current must result from the motion of the steamer. This "upwind," as it is called, supports our albatross.

If, now, the air moves instead of the steamer, and the latter remains at rest, a similar vertical current is set up. The same is true if a wind blows against a hillside, with the difference, however, that the air deflection is more efficient.

Another form of vertical current is produced by temperature differences. At the sea shore one can observe this phenomenon. When the land is warmed by solar radiation, the heated air rises and is displaced by colder air, which comes from the water, where it has been descending. The descending current is the mysterious "air pocket" in aviation.

We now have, also, an explanation for the not infrequent occurrence, that clouds apparently travel against the wind, where the observer assumes that the wind in higher regions is directed as it is at his point of observation.

From the above-mentioned facts one can rightly expect to find soaring birds restricted to regions where these "upwinds" are prevalent. Probably everyone has observed at some time how the larger birds of prey soar for hours, apparently with great ease. A large bird like the eagle or vulture, or the condor, furnishes us with an excellent model for a flying machine. In the next issue we shall see how we have imitated these masters of the air.

Musings of Edison

Thomas Alva Edison once discussed whether this material age had made the most of its opportunities and whether Greece, with a more limited sum of knowledge, had not builded better.

In his last vital years, Edison had doubts whether science after all was as important as art.

"I wonder," he once mused. "Science and art. Science or art?

"Back there on ancient Greece they had great art, great artists—the greatest in the world!

"Inventors were scarce. They were few and far between. Yet the world was beautiful, more beautiful than it is today.

"The greatest scientific discoveries have enlightened—only some people. Not the whole world or the whole of America.

"I still wonder which is the more important —science or art?"

* * *

So today, each of us ponders at some time this question. Some, gifted in one direction,

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and see our new shipment
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ANNOUNCES

THAT HIS NEW
OFFICE IS
NOW
LOCATED IN
HIS
STUDIO
AT
SIXTH AND
SANTA FE
CARMEL

TELEPHONE
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apply the eye and hand, together with that mysterious mechanism somewhere between, to produce art. Others, equally gifted in other directions, carry on the work of Edison, or of Pasteur, or of an hundred others, in science.

We discover elements and classify colors and spectra, measure and define light. The artist evolves his theory and paints his picture. Our land is scarred, our cities smothered and tinted, and, ourselves, freed from the tilling of the soil, are distracted by clatter, and speed, and stench.

Well may we wonder: Art and science—art or science?

Dr. Haasis Routs Idea of Diminishing Rainfall

By W. H. Kuster

Frequently the opinion is voiced that the yearly rainfall on the Monterey Peninsula is diminishing In a consultation, Dr. Ferdinand Haasis opened the records on seasonal precipitation, compiled by the Coastal Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution, which is located on 12th Street in Carmel.

Since the rainy season in California occurs during the winter months, the "seasonal precipitation" records span the period from July 1st to June 30th.

The recordings of the institute show an average seasonal precipitation during the last twenty-four years of 16.98 inches. The rainfall during May and June averages .83 inches, so that the average precipitation from July 1st to April 30th is 16.15 inches.

The seasonal precipitation to date is 11.4 inches, which represents 71% of the average rainfall over nearly the same period during the last twenty-four years. However, this does not bear out the contention about increasing dryness in this locality.

Only two years ago the seasonal precipitation reached 24.44 inches, which is the highest mark since 1914.

In this season, ending June 30th, we can reasonably expect more than 12 inches of rainfall, while in 1923-24 only 8.03 inches were recorded.

Since the fluctuations in the seasonal precipitation are as wide as indicated, a systematic approach to the problem becomes imperative. Dr. Haasis has therefore prepared a chart of cumulative precitipation, dating back to the year 1898. This plot shows a very steady average trend in the amounts of rainfall throughout the years.

All Night Parking Meets with Disapproval

Rumor has it that a group of citizens will appear before the Carmel City Council at its meeting tonight to urge adoption of an ordinance to regulate or abate all-night parking of autos on the streets. They claim that such parking is a serious menace to safety.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Cabaniss, residing at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, were called to San Francisco last week-end by the death of the former's brother, Judge George H. Cabaniss, for many years on the Superior Court bench. The deceased was also related to the Charles Clark family.

The nine candidates for Postmaster of Carmel are awaiting the results of the recent civil service examination. The three who pass highest will be placed on the eligible list, one of whom will be recommended for appointment by Representative John J. McGrath. At present Mrs. Irene Cator is Acting Postmaster.

/ / /

Howard Barkhart and party of San Jose spent the week end in the Miller cottage on the Point.

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Sex in General

By Frank W. Gray

There seems to be a much publicized conception that Mae West gave us a new deal on sex. The vogue of her gay nineties reincarnation combined with her honky-tonk dramatic style is reputed to have given knock-out drops to what remains of our national prudery.

What Mae's moronic exhibitionism in "I'm No Angel" really does bring home to us is a need for bigger and better illusions, complexes, restraints, fixations, or whatever you choose to term those mental veils which impart the necessary concealment to the fan dance of sex.

Experience refutes once and for all that sex can ever be adequately expressed by nudist colony methods. The French are older than we, more sophisticated than we, in such matters. They have long realized that sex demands a delicate medium of expression to all those whose reactions are above raw instinct.

The fact that this so-called Mae West vogue was sufficiently novel to flash across our horizons at all is a proof of our nascent love of contrast. The fact that this vogue will be as brief as the gleam of a falling meteor, and that this actress is already dangerously close to the scrap heap of falling gate receipts for giving us too much of a bad thing in her latest picture, is a testimonial to our wholesome virility.

An undeniable critical sense originates in our American scorn of hypocrisy and our distaste for sham which is native to the very spirit of our civilization, and which, in the last analysis, is more refreshing than the pallor of ultra-sophistication. An understanding of the American love of novelty, combined with a wholesome respect for this innate critical faculty, brings the artist very close to that much-sought-for secret of what makes a play or a book "click."

One reads very few passionate stories. Most authors over-shoot or under-shoot the mark, for the target is elusive. One masterpiece occurs to my mind—it was a short story published in one of our more sedate magazines, and concerned the adventure of a vacuum cleaner salesman calling on a country house in England one blazing hot July afternoon. His ring at the door was answered by a girl, obviously the daughter of the house. She was heavily proportioned of body, plain of features, primitive of perception, and clumsy of actions. The young man was married—happily married. He was interested only in making a sale. But the girl, unmarried and obviously the victim of a mother-daughter complex, was interested, vicariously interested, in man. The by-play of dialogue between these two, the doltish maneuverings of the girl "whose eyelids shone as though they had been oiled" and in the background the droning rasp of a lawn mower being propelled back and forth across the sun-dried grass by the gardener—this picture, put together by a jewel cutter of words, without a climax, without a fight for honor, without a moral conclusion, came very close to the quick of original sin.

No, the realists never really get it—it takes the delicate touch of the romanticist to give us that subtle blending of the spiritual and material which is the essence of passion. And we, the audiences of Paramount's latest super-dynamic Mae Westian commentary on life and love are sadly like a row of Peeping Toms lined up before a knot hole in a nudist colony fence, and vaguely disappointed at the result.

Governor Asks Sanitary Board Not to Quit

Urging members of the Carmel Sanitary Board to reconsider their decision to resign, Governor James Rolph, Jr., has requested the body to remain intact, according to letters received by each of the members of the Board.

Feeling that numerous self-appointed critics of the board seemed to consider themselves more informed on sanitary matters and needs was the cause for the resignations, according to Trev. Shand, secretary of the board. who also stated that no further action would be taken by the members in regard to the wholesale resignations until some time next month, when the board will meet again.

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